

CHAPTER SIX

Linda finally got a hold of Frank later that evening. She had put off smoking any of the pot for fear she would get 'in the mood' before her battered pussy was recovered so when she called the jail to find out specifics, it was a sober, angry wife who finally got her husband on the phone.

"Are you going to bail me out?" Frank managed to ask after a couple of "I told you so's" punched him in the gut.

"Where would I get the money for that?" Linda snapped.

"Go to my mom's and tell her you need it for something but just don't tell her what, hell make something up."

"Fuck you. I've done enough lying for you to last a lifetime. I'm not going to tell your boss your sick anymore, and I won't make up some lame story to tell your parents." Linda spun on her heel and paced back into the laundry room.

Frank, resigned to staying put at least until his court date, tried to calm her down with small talk. "So, where are you now?"

"I'm home." Her answers were short, clipped by anger.

"Then how are you calling me. Did you get a phone put in?" He was hoping she had so at least he would have some ammo for the upcoming battle.

"No, I borrowed a cell from a friend until I get downtown and pick your cell up."

"Who gave you their cell?"

"That is none of your business."

"Sure it is, I'd like to know who's being kind to my wife so I can repay them. It's not that I don't trust you..."

"This conversation is over Frank. We will discuss our alleged future together when you get out."

Linda was so angry that she hung up on him. How dare he ask her to lie for him again? It was bad enough he wouldn't take care of the house! She walked into the bedroom and flopped down on the bed. Absentmindedly, she slipped her hand into the fly of the flannel boxers. One finger went in easily with just a little resistance. She worked her pussy with her hand as she thought of the weight bench in the garage. Her other hand slipped up inside her shirt and she rolled her left nipple between thumb and forefinger. Linda managed to get her standard three fingers inside and was working her clit with her thumb as she fantasized about Rambo and the weight bench. It was just the right height, length, and width for her missionary style plan and she fully intended to have "mans best friend" pounding away at her soon. Her administrations soon took control of her breathing and she brought herself to orgasm using only her hand, something she had not done for awhile. In the brief afterglow, she realized she had slipped four fingers in as she came and was no longer "three fingers tight." It was not a situation that bothered her; instead she was counting on being a little looser for Rambo this next time around.

Linda called Matt and thanked him for the phone. She asked him if he would mind driving her to the jail in the morning to get Frank's cell phone and maybe stop by the grocery. Matt agreed and told her how important she was at work and how she had been missed.

"I told folks your husband got in some trouble and you have to figure some things out." Matt hoped she wouldn't get mad at him but honesty at this point seemed like a good idea.

"Thanks Matt. I am so tired of the lies that go with being married to a drunk."

Matt reassured her. "You seem to be a genuine person and lying just doesn't suit you." He decided to go fishing for an answer to something that had been bothering him all day. "Is there anything else I should know before I make a complete fool of myself?" He was alluding to the smell of sex he had encountered and Linda guessed as much.

"Uh this is kind of embarrassing to talk about but remember what I had you pick up for me?" Linda was not embarrassed to be telling a lie of her own.

"Yeah, so you know what I was thinking."

"Sure. I hate to be gross but the shower drain is plugged and I have to take sponge baths like some tramp so sometimes I guess I sort of smell like one." It was a good story and Matt bought it.

"If you want, we can swing by my house on the way to the store, just bring a change of clothes with you and you can clean up then."

She agreed and they made plans for 10:00 in the morning.

Linda went to the door when she heard Rambo shuffling around on the back porch. She let him inside and he went to his bowl. This evening's feast was 2 pounds of slightly browned hamburger mixed with his dog food. He wasn't sure what he had done to deserve the royal treatment he had gotten today but the tight bitch sure was lots kinder to him than his master. After feeding Rambo and straightening up the house some, Linda went to bed. Today was a day of many changes. Her view of the world had changed. No longer was she willing to be an enabler for the drunken bastard she was married to. In addition to that, she had, without meaning to, discovered a source of pleasure that wasn't quite cheating on her husband. She had serious doubts now that she lay still about fucking Rambo again. The taboo of bestiality hung like a blanket over her and darkened her thoughts. Could she let Rambo fuck her knowing full well what he was going to do? This morning's accident was just that. Her hair was stuck and she had no control over the situation and was in no way responsible for her body's reaction to the massive cock that had invaded her pussy. It was beyond her ability to explain was the orgasms. Why she had cum not once, but so many times she blacked out was a mystery to her. She had never had more than one orgasm at a time and multiple orgasms were for other women, not her. Or at least she had believed so yesterday. With these thoughts coming full circle and repeating themselves as she lay in the dark, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Matt arrived on time in the morning and Linda was ready for him. She had slept better than she had in years and she looked and felt like a heavy load had been lifted from her. She had gotten up around seven and let Rambo outside. Then she rummaged around in their refrigerator and found a four pound pot roast that needed to be eaten before it went bad. She had diced it into bite sized cubes and fed it to Rambo raw. She was still having second thoughts about letting Rambo take her again, but she enjoyed her fantasy and was still acting on it.

Matt and Linda arrived at his secluded place and Linda wasted no time in getting into his wonderful working shower and cleaning herself up. She had brought her razor and even though her pussy was just starting to show stubble, she carefully shaved everything, legs and all, in keeping with her fantasy. An hour and a half after walking into the shower, she came out,

refreshed and glowing with a bounce in her step and a glint in her eye. Matt noticed the difference and said so.

"WOW! That's amazing. You look like a different person."

"I feel like a different person, its wonderful having a shower that works."

"You are welcome to come here and use my facilities any time you want."

"You say that now, but will you respect me in the morning?" Linda knew how to keep him off guard.

Matt was taken aback and stuttered something about always respecting her anyway and she cut him off.

"Come on, let's go, I can't keep you from Walemart all day!"

He protested slightly reminding her he was the man in charge but she insisted on leaving and not wanting to alarm her, Matt relented and they went to the grocery. She bought lots of red meat, mostly hamburger and roast, still in keeping with her fantasy. Then they swung by the jail and she picked up the cell phone.

"Aren't you going to wait around for inmate visitation? It starts in about an hour." The guard asked.

"No, Frank will have to see me another time; I have groceries in the car and need to get back home."

She left with the cell phone and handed Matt's cell back to him. She programmed Matt's home and cell number into her new phone under the name "Necessities." As Matt drove her home, she thumbed through the numbers on her cell, erasing the ones she did not know and some that she did. This was now her phone and she would never let Frank have it again. After stopping at Burger Fling for a quick lunch, they arrived at her house and Matt helped her carry the groceries inside and put them away. She marveled at how nice it was to have a "real man" around, one who helped her instead of getting in her way. Matt had picked up some liquid clog remover at the grocery and he poured it down her shower drain.

"It's not that I don't want you coming over to use mine but I know how you like to be clean!"

"Oh so you don't like it when I'm not so fresh."

Matt blushed slightly but held his own. "I just don't want you coming to work smelling funny. Might give our customers the wrong idea of what we are selling."

They continued small talk and stayed off the subject of Frank or Walemart. Neither of them seemed to want to part but as the conversation hit a lull, Matt looked at his watch and jumped up.

"Today has just gotten away from me! It's already four o'clock!" Matt started toward the door. "I really hate to leave, you're such good company. I do have to be back before the shift change at five."

Linda understood and asked if she could call him tomorrow.

"Sure, please do!" Matt was nearly speechless. "I would like that very much!" His feeling was one of elation. He had spent the day with her, watching her push the cart in the grocery was torture to his single man existence. The way her 28 year old body moved was cat-like and her

conversation with him convinced him she was ready for a change. He wanted to help her, and help himself to her. He left after collecting a hug, a friendly hug with a bit of a grind of her pelvis on his thigh! His cock started to respond and she noticed. "You're going to have to do something about that someday." She laughed and the tense moment passed without embarrassment. He left and she went into the kitchen to make Rambo's meal.

CHAPTER EIGHT

She went into the kitchen and found Rambo in his customary spot, sleeping and guarding the can opener at the same time. Linda rummaged through her recent purchases and decided on more raw red meat. She cut another roast into small cubes and put it in Rambo's bowl. "Nothing like a little raw meat to put some starch in your meat." Rambo gobbled the roast quickly and paced around the kitchen looking for more. Linda had eaten a light lunch earlier and was a little hungry but decided against eating again even though the pot she had decided to smoke was triggering her appetite. "I know you will be ready for me, won't you boy. Good boy." She had been talking to Rambo as if she were seducing him. Linda lit the other half of her first joint and smoked it in earnest, holding the smoke in until her chest felt like exploding, then coughing as she let the mostly absorbed and nearly invisible smoke out. She did not take a breath of fresh air in between her tokes. She smoked the joint until it was too small to hold even with her finger nails. Linda's vision became tunneled and for an instant she felt too high, if there was such a thing. 'That was some damn good smoke' she decided and she went into the garage and looked at the weight bench again. She saw something beside the bench that made her curse. "Fucking looser bastard!" she yelped as she grabbed the parts box beside the weight bench. There were five beers inside the box and Linda made up her mind right then and there to go through with her fantasy. "That looser doesn't deserve a tight pussy. I'm gonna fuck Rambo ten minutes before he gets out then throw my stretched pussy on him!" She sat on the bench and opened one of the five stashed beers. Sometimes when Frank was drunk, he would hide his beers and forget where he had put them. Linda was not a drinker. One or two drinks usually was her limit but tonight she wanted to be ready for her canine master and she felt the beer would be a nice touch.

After drinking the beer, Linda started dragging the weight bench into her house. It was no longer their house, it was hers. If she shared the house with anyone, it was Rambo. She managed to get the weight bench into her bedroom and placed it at the foot of her fake brass bed. The bars on the bed might be nice to hold onto once the pounding started! She laid out every detail of her fantasy, right down to locking the doors and all windows. Normally, Rambo was security enough but she didn't want anyone coming in uninvited while Rambo was pumping her full of seed. She let Rambo outside "One more time before the action starts" to do his business and she started getting herself ready for his onslaught. She had drank another beer and smoked half of the second joint before letting Rambo back inside. Her pussy was wet and her panties were sticking to her shaved cunt without help from Rambo, at least without help from his cum.

Rambo came inside to a naked woman standing beside the door. Linda let him sniff her bare pussy and he gave her an experimental lick. The tight bitch was tasty! She was excreting something now that he had only sensed after he had licked her before, except now, she tasted good before he licked her! Linda locked the door, and then she walked as one possessed into the bedroom. She folded a bath towel into a flattened pillow and strategically placed it on the end of the bench away from the brass bed. She laid down face up on the bench with the folded towel under her ass at the very end of the bench, raising her pussy as an offering to her new found lover. Her hands became busy, kneading her small breasts and then slipping down across her abdomen to her raised pelvic bone to feel her pussy. Juice was starting to drip out and her moans became louder as she plied her pussy and slipped her fingers in her cunt. She pinched her clit lightly and squirmed. She moaned louder, hoping to attract a large cock.

Rambo had lain back down in the kitchen. He didn't know what was going on but he sure wasn't going to complain. After breeding the tight bitch yesterday morning, he had been treated like royalty. Now he heard a different noise coming from the bedroom. Unlike the screeching early

yesterday morning, this noise was different. It had a drawing quality that made his ears perk and he went off to investigate.

Rambo appeared in the bedroom doorway and looked in. There was the tight bitch sticking her fingers in the tasty place. She was moving her hips and moaning.

Linda saw Rambo framed in the bedroom doorway and called to him. "Come on boy, give it to momma. Show her how much you love her." Linda cooed. "Come on baby, come here and taste me." She patted her stomach, just below her belly button. Rambo moved up to her exposed pussy. The smell of him was gone from her and he started licking her thrusting pussy. This time the tasty bitch was not trying to wiggle away, instead she was thrusting toward him. Rambo ate her pussy with gusto. His drool once again made her a sloppy mess between her legs, all the way up to her belly button. Linda's hips started a slow grind as Rambo steadily pushed her to orgasm again. Linda was being eaten like she had always wanted to be eaten and her back arched and with the palms of her hands flat on her stomach, she started shaking with uncontrollable pleasure. Rambo continued lapping away at her cunt as she orgasmed, then orgasmed again. She had reached the point of no return and she craved, no she needed to have that huge cock in her again. Her cum was being eaten out of her like never before but she wanted to be impaled on his oversized tool. Linda started talking to him as if he could understand. "Come on baby, fuck momma. Please, please fuck me now! I need your cock in me now! Oh Rambo. God I'm cummmingggg!!! Rambo stood back as she raised her ass and thumped it back down on the folded towel. Her legs stretched wide again and he moved forward. He was confused as to what the tight bitch wanted. She wasn't in the breeding position like she was yesterday. Still, his cock was pulsing with desire and she seemed to be receptive, even more so than yesterday! He took a step forward and his chest came in contact with the tight bitches honey hole. She ground it against him and patted her chest between her firm breasts. It seemed obvious what she wanted but didn't she know how to get in position? He took a half-step forward, lifting his chest and stepping over her out stretched legs.

Rambo stopped licking her just as she had the most massive oral induced orgasm she had ever had. He seemed to not know what to do next. Then he stepped forward and placed his sloppy chops on Linda's stomach, soaking her with drool mixed with her cum. Her pussy was already a sloppy mess with Rambo's drool dripping off her ass cheeks and running down her crack. His chest nudged her pussy and she ground her cunt against him. "Please fuck me!!!" she moaned and patted her chest, hoping to draw him further up on her. He stepped over her legs and raised his chest up and over her prone form. He landed softly but his weight took her breath as his haunches began pumping towards her. His back feet shifted, driving his hefty tool forward towards its intended target. His back hunched and his eyes glazed as he scooted further up on the tight, tasty bitch. His powerful front legs wrapped around her, just below her armpits and she moved her arms up to the brass bed, grabbing a bar in each hand. Her widely splayed legs were guiding his cock like runway lights as his massive missile struck home. She gasped as his huge member once again split her pussy. Six inches at the first contact slid snugly into her gaping hole, snapping her head back and whitening her knuckles as her grip on the brass held her ass in place. Rambo no longer had the tub to hold her captive so she pushed down on him against the bed as he impaled her with his mighty shaft. He pulled out slightly and rammed in again. Unsure of his bitches face up position, he was moving slower than when he had taken her in the bathroom. His fucking took a slow, long stroke approach. His massive chest tortured her breasts, crushing them to the sides as he fucked more and more of his seemingly endless supply of meat into her. His width seemed, if anything, even larger than when he had raped her and again she wondered at the girth of the cock that was slowly hammering away at her stretching cunt.

Rambo started picking up speed as he became more used to this new and totally enjoyable position. Linda's legs wrapped around his haunches with her heels touching, just under his asshole, above his balls and the touch of her there while he was fucking spurred him on. More and more of his massive tool was being slammed into Linda as she started cumming again. Her

eyes rolled back in her head as his cock slammed in deeper and deeper. He seemed to be withdrawing seven inches and shoving in eight every time and she felt her stomach being pummeled by the massive cock hammer slamming away deep within her over-stretched cunt. His balls started bouncing off her feet as he slammed into her. "OH GOD!!! FUCK!!!" she started cumming again. The previously unfamiliar but now sought after feeling of multiple orgasms started building in her again. As one orgasm subsided, another began. She felt his knot at her opening and attempted to relax through the orgasms. It was an impossible task. Her cunt was milking the huge cock imbedded in her and her spasms were uncontrollable. Rambo was shifting his feet, attempting to breed the tight bitch. He had to get his knot in her before his seed was pumped out or his breeding might not take, at least that's what nature told him. This time the tight bitch was contracting strangely while he bred her. It had happened last time but that was after he got his knot in her. His knot banged brutally at her opening, each contact smashing her pussy lips a little further apart. She was being fucked hard and fast. She came again. In the lull between her orgasms, Rambo kept up his jackhammer pace, desperately needing to sink his knot in her.

Linda was conscious of the knot attempting to gain entry and as she pulled with her legs and pushed back with her arms, the constant contractions of her pussy kept the knot just outside her pussy. She couldn't relax enough to let it in, it would have to be forced, and that's exactly what Rambo did. Linda was cumming again as he smashed past her defenses and his already deeply buried cock surged forward another four or five inches. The knot had been battering her pussy for 10 minutes and finally wore down her resistance. Rambo seemed to hesitate with her pussy stretched to impossible proportions with his knot in a half in, half out state then with a shove; his engorged prick fully impaled her, rendering her pussy as plundered as it had ever been. There was much more pain in this position than she had experienced previously. His cock was buried at a different angle and his weight on her stomach pressed against his cock buried deep within her. Her G-spot was rubbed raw and she started cumming even more as Rambo shortened his strokes to only about an inch and started his pumping of cum into her. She felt as if her stomach were bloated as he pumped more cum than the day before. He started emptying his huge balls and her orgasms began to increase in frequency. She was trying to keep count but had lost count at eight, or was it nine!

As Rambo bred his bitch, she continued to spasm around his cock but the recent acceptance of his knot by her completely battered pussy rendered ineffectual any milking action that might have taken place. Her cunt was completely useless to any normal sized male of her species but she didn't care. All she wanted was to continue cumming and be stuffed full of Rambo forever. The pain was disappearing, being replaced by a warm, full feeling as Rambo's sperm filled what space in her his cock had spared. He continued pumping her full for several minutes while she faded in and out of consciousness in a continual state of orgasm. This time Rambo did not turn and face away from her. He stayed in his on top position and pumped his cum into her smashed pussy. The total loss of elasticity coupled with the enormous load of cum he had deposited allowed him to pull out of her much earlier than when he had raped her. This time she had been cumming as he drove his knot into her and he completely wrecked her cunt, stretching it out much more than he had before. Rambo backed off her, not dragging her with him as before, and his fully inflated knot slipped past her ruined opening with only minimal tugging. As the rest of his massive tool exited her pussy, her looseness permitted his overflow of cum to easily run out even with the thick part in front of the knot still lodged within her!

Linda started coming down from the extreme high of multiple orgasms. Rambo had pulled out of her only seconds before and she lay still on the bench with her hands still holding onto the brass bed. She knew he had smashed her pussy much worse than before, she could tell by the ease with which he exited, even before his cock had shrunk! She did not want to look down. She was in some pain and she felt as if she had given birth. Still, it was worth it as long as a trip to the emergency room and an embarrassing explanation didn't happen. She glanced at the full length mirror she had placed facing the bench and what she saw caused her head to drop back to the bench. There was no blood but her pussy was standing open like a gaping cavern with cum

visible standing in the opening like a puddle. She tried to close her legs and cum ran out as she changed the shape of her opening from a cavern entrance to an elongated slit. She released her grip on the bed and fingered her battered pussy. She would never be three fingers tight again, probably not even four fingers tight. Her hole was stretched much more than yesterday with undeniable damage. Her five foot three inch 110 pound frame had embraced a cock larger than any cock a more experienced, larger woman could take. Linda attempted to get up but she had to roll off the bench and rest on her knees with her upper torso supported by the bench. She lay face down on the bench and attempted to pull her thoughts together. Rambo's cum ran freely from her pussy, webbing between her legs as gravity pulled his seed from her cunt. Again she marveled at the amount of his deposit. She was just about to attempt to stand when Rambo returned for his encore. He had laid down after the fuck session and licked his swollen cock until it retreated back into its sheath. Then he walked into the kitchen looking for food. When he didn't find any, he returned to the bedroom to find the no longer tight but tasty bitch in the breeding position with her ass facing him as she lay on the bench.

Linda felt Rambo's tongue return to her pussy. He was eating his cum out of her badly stretched hole. She did not want him to fuck her again but his tongue felt wonderful to her battered cunt and she let him continue. She was starting to warm up again when she felt him stop and his weight once again land on her. She was his bitch. She would not complain. He owned her. His massive cock slipped easily into her well used pussy with only minor discomfort. The jackhammer approach he used when a bitch was in the breeding position did not hurt and Linda was aware of his knot banging away at her entrance after only three thrusts into her. He pounded away within Linda without her cumming. She was spent. She lay on the bench motionless with only the constant pounding moving her whenever Rambo plowed his bitch. His knot slipped with only minimal resistance into her well used pussy and as his seed once again flowed into her, at last she started to cum. This was a slow buildup leading to a gyrating grind back against Rambo's huge cock. She did not speak or tell him how much she was cumming, she just groaned and came on his massive prick as his balls slapped against her mound. His knot kept slipping in and out of her as he pounded into her, seeking to bury his puppy maker within the once tight bitch. He couldn't sense his success at burying his knot so he kept hammering away at her abused pussy as his knot became the cock size her pussy got used to. Finally, after about half an hour of constant banging his engorged knot in and out of her pussy, Rambo stilled and pumped, even though he didn't feel like the knot was firmly lodged inside his bitch. Linda had cum several more times and was at the end of her ability to remain conscience when Rambo finished with her the second time. He simply pulled out of her with no resistance and a river of his cum ran past her gaping pussy lips and down her legs. Linda knew better than to stay in the breeding position. She slid off the bench, lay on the floor, and using the soaked folded towel as a pillow, she passed out.